

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE Esq.
VOLUME III.
CONTAINING HIS
MORALESSEYS.

L O N D O N:

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WORKS



ALFRED R. F. F.

VOLUME III.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

MORAL ESSAYS.

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W. H. H. H.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
S A T I R E,

Occasioned by the Death of

Mr. P O P E.

Inscribed to

Mr. W A R B U R T O N.

By J. BROWN, A.M.



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C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

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P A R T I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
 And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
 Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
 That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S
 Heart: 4

You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
 (Unconscious BRITAIN!) slumbers o'er her wound.

Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
 And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
 Rouz'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign: 10
 With inextinguishable rage they burn;
 And Snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his Urn:
 Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
 To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind; 16
 Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright Assemblage treasur'd there; 20
 You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new Lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
 Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
 And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame : 30
 The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue :
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great ;
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet ;
 Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
 And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
 To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame :
 But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
 Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies :
 With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
 Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
 As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
 He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true*;
 Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
 In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice ; 50
 'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
 He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part ;
 And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
 Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
 Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
 Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
 The Passions rage, obstructed in their course ;
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those Virtues which they fed before. 60



And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
 Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
 Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
 Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
 Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
 We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
 Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
 Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
 Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
 That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
 Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,
 And, but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
 The Daemon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
 And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
 Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n. 76
 By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
 He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;
 Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
 To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
 When to false Fame the captive heart is sold:
 Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
 Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. To Man a Coward, &c.]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
 Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit ?
 Il iroit embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit ;
 Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
 Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.

Boileau, Ep. iii.

Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd 85
 Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
 Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
 When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
 She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
 And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
 Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
 The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear;
 Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
 Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway. 104
 Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
 Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane*:
 Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
 And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
 From poys'nous Vice she draws a healing dew: 110

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From poys'nous Vice, &c.*] Alluding to these
 Lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true
 From poys'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.

Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wife;
The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a *ruling Passion* on the rest:

Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns Dutcheffes to strumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whisperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Daemon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to skreen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's
frown:

This to chastise, as That to bless, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are paid, who merit satire most;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold be ever just: 170
Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
As Foplings grin to show their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poyson in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:

Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd Victim shall be led:
Lo, *Shaftsberry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own: 200
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers musty rule, 205
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
Contemns each furly Academic foe,
And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Daedalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And Coxcombs vanquish *BERKLEY* by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;

As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
 And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230
 Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
 She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
 Deaf as the Storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
 Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
 Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
 Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
 Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
 This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
 Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *present Age*: 240
 With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
 And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
 Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,
 And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
 Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
 Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
 Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
 Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
 When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
 Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the Dye; 250
 Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
 Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
 Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
 Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
 Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
 Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
 In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260

Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —:
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprize, 265
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Busa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly? 270
Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each Theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades*!
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line; 290
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
 Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid:
 When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
 Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day; 296
 Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
 And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
 When rank Adultery on the genial bed
 Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head: 300
 When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
 And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
 When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking State:
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
 Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
 On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,
 Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight: 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
 Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 'Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
 She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
 Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
 But chief, when *Virtue, Learning, Arts* decline,
 She joys to see *unconquer'd* merit shine; 320
 Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
 True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day:
 With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
 From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart;

xvi ESSAY ON SATIRE. Part II.

Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own: 326

Hears unstain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:

Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend: 330

To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dang'rous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:

Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call; 335
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.

'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;

The Poet can but *set it* in his line:

And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly graced with *gold*? 340

Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,

For Shame attends on prostituted praise:

And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art

But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd:

She yields description of the noblest kind. 346

Inferior art the Landskip may design,

And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:

Her daring thought essays a higher plan;

Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350

And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,

To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;

By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,

Now bid a *Wolfey* or a *Cromwell* rise;

Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. xvii

Call forth a CHESTERFIELD'S or LONSDALE'S
mind.

Here sweet or strong may ev'ry Colour flow :
Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow :
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 369

P A R T III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind;
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
And Man was guilty e'er the Poet sung.

This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age, 365
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.

Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bad her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.

First on the Sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart^a. 370

To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew :
The flaming falchion rough LUCILIUS ^b drew ;
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

^a Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. Hor.

^b Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant praeccordia culpa. Juv. S. i.

Then sportive HORACE ^a caught the gen'rous fire;
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre: 376
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
 Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense: 380
 He seem'd to sport and tiffle with the dart,
 But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign, 385
 And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
 In flame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
 And swept audacious Greatness to its doom; 390
 The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
 Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
 Swoln *Luxury*!—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
 As countless Insects from the north-east pour, 395
 To blast the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
 So barb'rous Millions spread contagious death:
 The sick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
 Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
 Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung. 400
 No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
 But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:

^a Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum praeccordia ludit,
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso. Perf. S. i.

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. xix

Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.

Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!

'Tis done—See great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell! 410

(In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her four grimace)

With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was prose: 416

He midst an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame)

Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence, 421
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.

Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain:

A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;

Wit's shatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry Morals the Court-Poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*" 430

Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee!

Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred
 skies, 435

Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice :
 A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
 The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to gain :
 Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown :
 Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame ; 441
 And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !

More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there
 Supported Genius with a Sage's care :
 Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :
 Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
 And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile,
 And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle : 450
 Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
 And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in one :
 Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page ;
 Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
 Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
 As Spectres vanish at approaching light :
 In this clear Mirror with delight we view
 Each image justly fine, and boldly true :
 Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
 Beholds and hates her own deformity : 460
 While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
 With modest joy surveys her form divine.
 But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
 But faintly to express the Poet's mind !

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. xxi

Who yonder Star's effulgence can display, 465
 Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
 Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
 What catch the Lightning, but the speed of fire?
 So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
 Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
 For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
 With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
 Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
 Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
 The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
 With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
 Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
 At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480
 Sublimar views thy darling Spirit bound;
 Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
 Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
 And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
 A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart; 485
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires:
 Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice, 489
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
 Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
 Mildly dispels each wint'ry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.

This Praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
 Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and Wit with strength collected shine; 500
 Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring
 Muse?

That Friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse:
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song, 505
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
 Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
 'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
 Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by You,
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
 By You inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
 In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
 And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page:
 If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
 And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520
 Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
 To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
 But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
 Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
 If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
 To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE. xxiii

Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking Censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see,
That Guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy.



**THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
READER.**

ALL I had to say of my Writings is contained in my Preface to the first of these Volumes, originally printed for Jacob Tonson and B. Lintott in folio and quarto in the year 1717, and all I have to say of Myself will be found in my last Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

I have nothing to add, but that these latter Volumes contain whatsoever I have since written, except my Translation of the Iliad, with the Preface and the Notes to it; of Twelve Books of the Odyssey, with the Postscript, (the Notes not being mine) the Preface to Shakespear, and a few Spectators and Guardians. Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with

Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, or Mr. Gay,
(the only persons with whom I ever wrote
in conjunction) are to be found in the four
Volumes of Miscellanies by us published,
or make part of the Memoirs of Scrible-
rus, not yet printed.

It will be but justice to believe that no-
thing more is mine, notwithstanding all that
hath been publish'd in my Name, or added
to any Miscellanies since, by any Book-
seller whatsoever.



A. POPE.

I have nothing to add, but that these
latter Volumes contain whatsoever I have
since written, except my Translation of the
Iliad, with the Preface and the Notes to it;
of Twelve Books of the Odyssey, with the
Preliminary (the Notes not being mine) the
Preface to Shakspeare, and a few Spec-
imens and Characters. Whatever besides
I have written, or join'd in writing with

TO THE
 A U T H O R
 OF THE
 E S S A Y ON M A N.

W H E N Love's * great Goddess, anxious for her
 Son,
 Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
 A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
 To chear his drooping mind, and point his way.
 But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide;
 He knew, and worship'd his coelestial guide.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen you would dispense
 Your glorious system of benevolence;
 And heav'nly-taught, explain the angel's song,
 That praise to God, and peace to men belong.
 Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
 From whence such truths could spring, such lines
 could flow,
 Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
 You only can deserve, or could refuse.

C.

* *Æneid* 1.

(4)

TO THE
CONCEAL'D AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY ON MAN.

YES Friend! thou art conceal'd; conceal'd? but
how?

Ever the brightest, more refulgent now,
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine.
But such philosophy, such reason strong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy lofty'st song.

Do'st thou, satyric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of vice?

Do'st thou thy wit at once and courage show,
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?

Do'st thou delineate God, or trace out Man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?

Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name,
The poem loudly must the pen proclaim,



I see my friend ! O sacred poet hail !
The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view,
The world will know and will pronounce it you.
Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet sit,
We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

(6)

TO THE
A U T H O R
OF THE
E S S A Y ON M A N.

AS when some student first with curious eye,
Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if this be just, if that be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress.
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he sees:
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are just and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.

This false, that ill-exprest, this thought not good;
 And all was wrong which I mis-understood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found
 The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound;
 Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,
 " Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"
 Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
 And all his pow'rs adapted just to that:
 Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
 How all to good, to happiness conduce:
 Saw my own weakness, thy superior power;
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

TO
MR. P O P E.
BY
A L A D Y.

FATHER of verse! indulge an artless muse,
Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuse.
Rais'd by the soul that breathes in ev'ry line
(My Phoebus thou, thy awful works my shrine!)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own,
And hail thee, seated on thy natal throne.

Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by thy light,
See bards till now unknown, essay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat unnumber'd swarms arise,
As insects live beneath autumnal skies:
While envy pines with unappeas'd desire,
And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire,

Yet thou, great leader of the sacred train,
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age,
Let wholesome satyr loose thro' ev'ry page,

Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on-satyr all your hours bestow,
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow;
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,
"And call'd the muses to their ancient seats:"
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mold to future fame the growing mind:
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart,
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scriblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat,
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat;
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile oar to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

(10)

AN

O D E

TO THE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

IN ALLUSION TO

H O R A C E.

Pindarum quisquis, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only POPE's strong pinion can aspire?
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Wou'd melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler treasure of the plain,
Till with each spring the swelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:

So soft descending from the muses hill,
POPE's spreading genius passes every bound,
Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Fresh wreaths on every side await his head,
 Whether in ^a Fancy's Wilds he youthful stray,
 In ^b Humour's frolick round new measures tread,
 Or boldly follow ^c Pindar's pathless way.

Religious he maintains the muses trust;
 Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
 To his progressive genius strictly just,
 Its use dilating as its pow'r's aspire,

Whether from antique rust with pious toil
 He polish ^d Britain's ancient poets praise;
 Or planting careful in his better soil,
 Preserve more green the ^e Greek and Roman bays.

Whether the nobler ^f Monument he frame
 To those whom virtues, arts, or arms adorn;
 Or snatch from ^g envy, or the grave, their fame
 Whom pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn,

Till (as of old, some Heav'n-instructed bard)
 To ^h Man he pleads in truth and wisdom's cause;
 Chastises vice, deals virtue her reward,
 • Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.

High on the swelling gale of constant praise,
 We see this Swan of Thames sublimely rise,
 Ev'n ⁱ Envy's breath but serves his flight to raise,
 And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.

^a Pastorals, and Windsor Forest. ^b Rape of the Lock.
^c Odes. ^d Chaucer and Donne. ^e Homer, Horace, Ovid.
^f Epitaphs. ^g Epistles. ^h Essay on Man. ⁱ Dunciad.

While on the humble banks, far, far below,
 Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
 Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
 The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply.

To move our * absent Prince (the realm's desire)
 Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
 Or you, my Lord, may boldly strike the lyre,
 You, to whose call the willing muses throng.

Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art,
 To lead the social band in sportive wit;
 To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart;
 While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.

Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)
 A joyful people his return shall greet,
 The busy hall shall cease from loud debate,
 Contending parties bow at GEORGE's feet.

Applauding senates shall record his fame,
 And hail the arbiter of Europe home;
 Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim;
 From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a King so great before;
 A King so good no nation shall behold;
 For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore,
 For him, whose reign revives the age of gold.

* This Ode was written when his Majesty was expected from Hanover, in the year, 1736-7.

To peaceful congress when his arts have led
 Europe's contending Lords, inur'd to war,
 The sacred olive-wreath shall grace his head,
 That wreath, so often purchas'd by his care.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise,
 When well-plac'd eloquence exhausts the theme;
 When mitred Lords their hands to heav'n shall raise,
 And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to crowd the board,
 Artists shall vie, th' eternal feast succeed;
 Woods, lakes, and seas their plenty shall afford,
 And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from Kings and courts my humbler fate
 Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
 Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state,
 But still for Britain's welfare form the prayer.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY ON MAN.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze,
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design,
But who can read this wond'rous work divine,
So justly plan'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
Our happiness, to love, adore, obey;

To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
 For this thy work, for ev'ry lesser good,
 With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
 And own the great Creator all in all.

The muse, which shou'd instruct, now entertains,
 On trifling subjects in enervate strains;
 Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
 Point out her way in her aerial flight,
 Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
 Thy theme sublime, and easy verse will prove
 Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate, thy abler pen
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men,
 In virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
 The purest morals in the softest lays,
 As angels once, so now we mortals bold
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
 Thy kind reforming muse shall lead the way,
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
 For this thy work, for every labor good,
 With grateful hearts before his throne to lay,
 And own the great Creator all in all.

The muse, which should inspire, now ceases,
 On rising subjects in exalted strains;
 Be it thy task to set the wand'ring right,
 Point out her way to her aerial flight,
 Her noble mind, her honest love reveal,
 And bid her deeply think, and gradually learn,
 Thy theme illustrious, and only virtue will prove
 Her high delight, and fill her soul above.
 Let others now translate, thy sister pen
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men,
 In virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the benighted ways in vain, and paths are fail,
 Made wise by thee, whose happy life conveys
 The purest morals in the latest days,
 As angels once, so now we mortals hold
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
 Thy kind refreshing angels shall lead the way,
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

AN
E S S A Y
ON
M A N:

TO
HENRY ST. JOHN
L. BOLINGBROKE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

VOL. III.

B

ESSAYS

M. A. N.

HENRY ST. JOHN

L. BOLINGBROKE

EDITED BY THE REV. HENRY MARTIN

VOL. III

D E S I G N.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) ' come home to men's business ' and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points; there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminish'd the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing

over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force, as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness: I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now publish'd, is only to be considered as a general Map of MAN, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage; to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

(21)

A N

E S S A Y O N M A N,

I N

F O U R E P I S T L E S,

T O

H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

A R G U M E N T O F

E P I S T L E I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT
TO THE UNIVERSE.

OF MAN, in the abstract——I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, VER. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, v. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of

B 3

conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, v. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone counterbalances all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, v. 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, &c. to the end.





HOPE humbly, then, with trembling Pinions soar,
 Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore.
 Gray, on Man. Ep. I.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man; 5
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ? 36
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Aegypt's god:
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity?

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
 Or who could suffer being here below? 80

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions v. 64.

Now wears a garland an Aegyptian god.

After v. 68. the following lines in the first Ed.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matters soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so

As who began ten thousand years ago.

NOTES.

VER. 79, &c.] See this pursued in Epist. 3. ver. 66, &c.,
 79, &c.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
 Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest:
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100

VARIATIONS.

After v. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
 That Virgil's gnat should die as Caesar bleed.
 In the first Fol. and Quarto,
 What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy bliss below.

NOTES.

VER. 94.] Further open'd in Epist. 2. ver. 283.——
 Epist 3. ver. 74.—Epist. 4. ver. 346, &c.

His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingrosses not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 108. in the first Ed.

But does he say the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:
Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
 "For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 "Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
 "Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
 "The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 "For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 "For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
 "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 "My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty cause 145
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
 "Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
 "And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?

If the great end be human happiness,
 Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less? 150

As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156

Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN, 29

Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind, 159
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all;
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;

NOTES.

VER. 170.] See this subject extended in Epist. ii. from
 vers. 100, to 122, 165, &c.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.*] It is
 a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in pro-
 portion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is
 lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength
 is abated.

All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
 Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grafs: 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

NOTES.

VER. 185.] Vid. Epist. iii. vers. 79, &c. and 110, &c.

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

NOTES.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioness*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Natures aethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'ns whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1st.

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN. 33

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the aethereal frame; 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
Begins a Censor, an Adorer ends.

NOTES.

VER. 265. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv. *ψ* 162, &c.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see; 290
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, "Whatever IS, is RIGHT."

A R G U M E N T O F E P I S T L E I I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT
TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I. **T**HE business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, v. 67. &c. Their end the same, v. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, v. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, v. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, v. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, v. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the office of reason, v. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, v. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How useful these are distributed to all orders of men, v. 241. How useful they are to society, v. 251. And to individuals, v. 263. In every state, and every age of life, v. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. **K** Now then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of mankind is Man.

After v. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
 In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
 As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
 To be like man, whose faculties and frame



Self Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh,
Reasons at distance, and in Prospect lie:
That sees immediate Good, by present Sense
Reason the future, and the Consequence.

Essay on Man Ep II.



Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science
guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old time, and regulate the sun;

Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25

And quitting sense call imitating God;

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,

And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw

A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,

VARIATIONS.

He sees, he feels, as you or I to be

An Angel thing we neither know nor see.

Observe how near he edges on our race;

What human tricks! how risible of face!

It must be so—why else have I the sense

Of more than monkey charms and excellence?

Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?

And why this ardent longing for a maid?

So pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind

Till set on end and married to his mind,

Go, reas'ning thing! assume the doctor's chair,

As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:

Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,

Then drop into thyself, &c. —

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,

Correct old time, and teach the Sun his way

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts;
Of all our vices have created arts; 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. 1st.

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frightened fools,
Of good and evil reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
 But greedy that, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And reason bids us for our own provide;
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under reason, and deserve her care;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 108. in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
 The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise?

After v. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
 The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle:
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with passion, virtue points her charms!
 Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.
 Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
 Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
 But virtues opposite to make agree,
 That, reason! is thy task; and worthy thee.
 Hard task, cries Bibulus, and reason weak.
 —Make it a point, dear marquess! or a pique.
 Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
 A debt to reason, like a debt at play.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
 Reason the byass turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205
 In man they join to some mysterious use;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

VARIATIONS.

For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more?
 B— for his prince, or * * for his whore?
 Whose self-denials nature most controul?
 His, who would save a sixpence or his soul?
 Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
 Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
 What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
 We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the Whole.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 220. in the 1st Edition, followed these,

A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
 In all the Inns of court or Drury-lane?

After v. 226. in the MS.

The col'nel swears the agent is a dog,
 The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
 Against the thief the attorney loud inveighs,
 For whose ten pound the county twenty pays.
 The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
 And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds beliefs;
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
'The fool is happy that he knows no more;
'The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
'The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
'The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age: 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;

'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290

Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

NOTES.

VER. 273.] See farther, of the use of this principle in
man. Epist. iii. ver. 121, 124, 134, 144, 199, &c. 269, &c.
316. And Epist. iv. ver. 357, and 367.

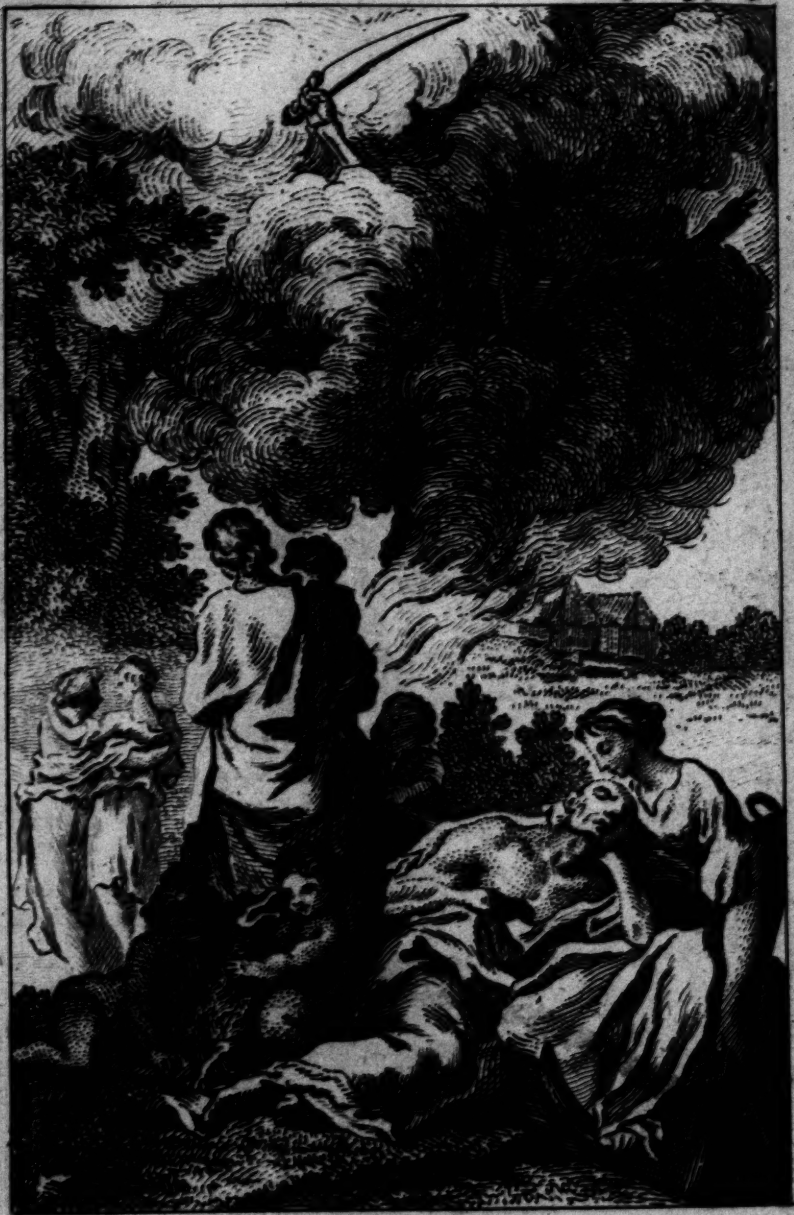
A R G U M E N T O F

E P I S T L E III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT
TO SOCIETY.

I. **T**HE whole universe one system of society, v. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society, in all animals, v. 109. III. How far society carry'd by instinct, v. 115. How much farther by reason, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, v. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, v. 166. and in the forms of society, v. 176. V. Origin of political societies, v. 196. Origin of monarchy, v. 207. Patriarchal government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, v. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and publick good, v. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixt government, v. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.





*See some fit Passion every Age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Essay on Man Ep. III.*

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest: "the universal cause
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again:
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. in several Edit. in 4to.

Learn, dulness, learn! "the universal cause &c."

VOL. III.

D

All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use! 45
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50

VARIATIONS.

After v. 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to man, mistook the matter quite.

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th'extensive blessing of his luxury,
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70
 To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
 To man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
To blifs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th'unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

VARIATIONS.

After v. 84. in the MS.

While man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as * De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper blifs, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to blefs,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:

NOTES.

* De-moivre, an eminent Mathematician.

Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
Ah! how unlike the man of-times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own,

EP. III. ESSAY ON MAN. 55

But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part; 170
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
“ Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field;
“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
“ Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
“ Here too all forms of social union find,
“ And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind: 180
“ Here subterranean works and cities see;
“ There towns aerial on the waving tree.
“ Learn each small people's genius, policies,
“ The ant's republic, and the realm of bees:
“ How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
“ And anarchy without confusion know;
“ And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
“ Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halieut. lib. i. describes this fish in the following manner: “ They
“ swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells,
“ which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two
“ feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which
“ serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at
“ the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean.”

" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
 " In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle justice in her net of law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant men obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the first Editions,

Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

VER. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot:
 And love was nature's dictate, murder, not.

For want alone each animal contends;

Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.

Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,

She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.

No treasure then for rapine to invade,

What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade?

And half the cause of contest was remov'd,

When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.

Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,

A prince the father of a people made. [fate,

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 216

On him, their second providence, they hung,

Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,

Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220

Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,

Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began

Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:

Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225

One great first father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,

Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;

The worker from the work distinct was known,

And simple reason never sought but one: 230

Ere wit oblique had broke that steddy light,

Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;

To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trode,

And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235

For Nature knew no right divine in men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood

A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law; 245
'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; 305

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

In faith and hope the world will disagree,

But all mankind's concern is charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great end;

And all of God, that bless mankind or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;

The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

On their own axis as the planets run,

Yet make at once their circle round the sun;

So two consistent motions act the soul; 315

And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,

And bad self-love and social be the same.

A R G U M E N T O F E P I S T L E I V.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT
TO HAPPINESS.

I. **F**ALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ψ 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ψ 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ψ 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ψ 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ψ 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ψ 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ψ 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ψ 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ψ 133, &c. VI. That external goods, are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ψ 165. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: Instanced in Riches, ψ 183. Honours, ψ 191. Nobility, ψ 203. Greatness, ψ 215. Fame, ψ 235. Superior talents, ψ 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ψ 267, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ψ 307, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ψ 326, &c.

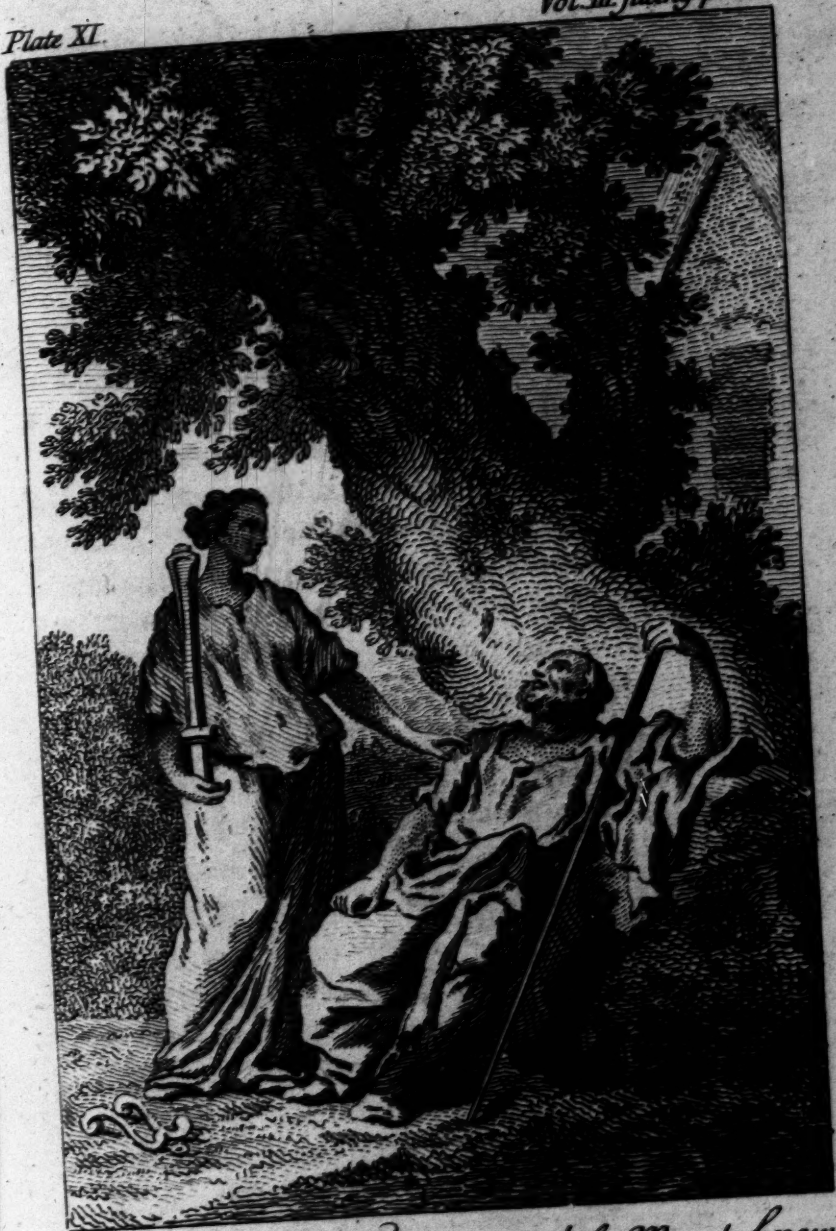
EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy
 name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happiness, &c.*] in the MS. thus,
 Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.



Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below. —
Essay on Man, Ep. IV.



Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
 Some place the blifs in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the universal Cause 35
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind, 40
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
 All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts if each alike possessest,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men happiness was meant, 65
 God in externals could not place content.
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

VARIATIONS.

After y 52. in the MS,

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
 "And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
 You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
 'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

After y 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
 The rest mad fortune gives or takes away.
 All other bliss by accident's debar'd;
 But virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
 In hardest trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear: 70
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence. 80
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains: 90
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

VARIATIONS.

After ψ 92. in MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust! 100
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?
 Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall; 115
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak prince, th'eternal cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
 Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

VARIATIONS.

After y 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but man.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN. 67

On air or sea new motions be impress'd, 125

Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have !

A kingdom of the just then let it be :

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care ; 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell ;

Another deems him instrument of hell ;

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

Whatever is, is RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Caesar—but for Titus too : 146

And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?

“ But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.”

What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ? 150

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,

VARIATIONS.

After y 142. in some Editions

Give each a system, all must be at strife ;

What diff'rent systems for a man and wife ?

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? [pow'r?"
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want
 Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
 "Why bounded, pow'r? why private? why no king?"
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161
 Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; 165
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and six, 170
 Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180

VARIATIONS.

After ψ. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boast the pure blood, &c.*] in the MS. thus,
 The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,

But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise; 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

VARIATIONS.

May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest:
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride
 As Christ-church once all colleges beside.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN. 71

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful preheminance! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;

How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?

To sigh for ribbands if thou art so filly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all, united, thy ambition call, 285

From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,

See the false scale of happiness complete!

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,

How happy those to ruin, these betray. 290

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,

From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose.

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,

And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295

But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,

Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305

Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

"Virtue alone is Happiness below." 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears: 320

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

VARIATIONS.

After y. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,

And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,

'Tis but to teach him to support each state,

With patience this, with moderation that;

And raise his base on that one solid joy,

Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN. 340
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

75

Is this too little for the boundless heart?

355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,

In one close system of benevolence:

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of bliss but height of charity.

360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul

Must rise from individual to the Whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,

365

Another still, and still another spreads;

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;

His country next; and next all human race;

Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;

370

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,

And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;

Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375

To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,

To fall with dignity, with temper rise;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my friend! &c.*] In the MS. thus,

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,

While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,

While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,

Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,

Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her course in sight,

Confine her fury and assist her flight?

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe: 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring pride, Whatever is, is RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
 That VIRTUE only makes our blifs below;
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.*] in the MS. thus;
 That just to find a God is all we can,
 And all the study of mankind is Man.

T H E

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

78 UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quick'ned by thy breath;
 Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

This day, be pleased and grant my for:
All our mercies for thee,
Thou knowest if I be sorrowed or not,
And for thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whom earth, sea, and air, adore,
One chorus for all things raised,
All nature's voices join to thee.

Thou art our Father, God and King,
Thou art our Father, God and King,
Thou art our Father, God and King,
Thou art our Father, God and King.

Thou art our Father, God and King,
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MORAL ESSAYS ·
IN
FOUR EPISTLES
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.* Hor.

VOL. III.

F

MORAL ESSAYS

IN

FOUR EPICLES

SEVERAL PERSONS

THE SECOND PART OF THE MORAL ESSAYS
IN
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VOL. II.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE,

LORD COBHAM.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ψ 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ψ 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ψ 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ψ 31. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, ψ 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ψ 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ψ 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ψ 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ψ 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ψ 95. No judging of the motives from the ac-

tions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ψ 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from policy, ψ 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ψ 135. And some reason for it, ψ 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ψ 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ψ 158 to 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ψ 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ψ 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ψ 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ψ 222, &c.





The proper Study of Mankind is MAN.

Essay on Man.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much, 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

NOTES.

V. 18. There are above 300 sorts of moss observed by
 Naturalists,

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passions' wild rotation tost, 41
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost;
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;

EP. I. MORAL ESSAYS. 87

And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole; 65
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falshood serves, for policy:
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lye:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chace, wise at a debate; 75
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette, 85
New-market fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,

A godless Regent tremble at a Star? 90

The throne a Bigot keep, a genius quit,

Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?

Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,

And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same: 95

In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,

Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,

Would from th'apparent What conclude the Why, 100

Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,

That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.

Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,

Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:

VARIATIONS.

After *ψ* 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,

Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;

As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,

Now save a people, and now save a groat.

N O T E S.

VER. 89. *Aperjur'd Prince, &c.*] Lewis XI. of France.

VER. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne, for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

EP. I. MORAL ESSAYS. 89

To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind; 110
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the East:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save) 125
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat?
Caesar himself might whisper he was beat. 130

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. in the former Editions,
Ask why from Britain Caesar made retreat?
Caesar himself would tell you he was beat.

NOTES.

VER. 108. Charles V. Philip II.

Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?
 Caesar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn; 136
 A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;
 A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
 Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave: 154
 Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
 A quaker? fly: a presbyterian? sow'r:
 A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;

VARIATIONS.

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone. 160

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the Ruling Passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known; 175
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke. 185

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

NOTES.

VER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles the second.

Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the fryer.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt; 195
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Caesar made a noble dame a whore;
 In this the lust, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice. 215

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, *ψ* 208.

Nature well known, no miracles remain.

That very Caesar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
 In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd: 235
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:

NOTES.

VER. 222. Of the use of this passion, see the Essay on Man, Epist. ii. *ŷ* 133, 165, 175.

VER. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing.

" Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul! 240

" Is there no hope?—alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,

For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

" No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace

" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." 251

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?

" I give and I devise (old Euclio said, 256
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your money, Sir?—" My money, Sir, what all?

" Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.

" The manor, Sir?—" The manor! hold, he cry'd,

" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past,

" Oh, save my country, heaven!" shall be your last.

NOTES.

VER. 247.—*the last words that poor Narcissa spoke*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, tho' the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A L A D Y.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

OF the characters of Women (consider'd only as contradistinguished from the other sex.) That these are yet more inconsistent and incomprehensible than those of men, of which instances are given even from such characters as are plainest, and most strongly mark'd; as in the Affected, *ψ* 7, &c. The Soft-natur'd, *ψ* 29. The Cunning, *ψ* 45. The Whimsical, *ψ* 53. The Wits and Refiners, *ψ* 87. The Stupid and Silly, *ψ* 101. How contrarieties run thro' them all.

But tho' the particular characters of this sex are more various than those of men, the general characteristick, as to the Ruling Passion, is more uniform and confin'd. In what that lies, and whence it proceeds, *ψ* 205, &c. Men are best known in publick life, women in private, *ψ* 207. What are the aims, and the fate of the sex, both as to power and pleasure? *ψ* 219, 231, &c. Advice for their true interest, 249. The picture of an esteemable woman, made up of the best kind of contrarieties, *ψ* 269, &c.

EPISTLE II.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 " Most women have no characters at all."
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair:
 How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true?
 Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

NOTES.

VER. 7, 8, 10. &c. *Arcadia's Countess*,—*Pastora by a fountain*—*Leda with a swan*,—*Magdalene*,—*Cecilia*—] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.—The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the characters of men, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the characters of women, always fictitious.



*In Men, we various ruling Passions find;
In Woman, two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.
Char: of Women.*



Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
 Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
 So morning insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! you tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;

NOTES.

VER. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly mark'd, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, &c.

VER. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes.
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wife;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r, 55
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns:
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns; 66
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a peerefs, prouder as a punk; 70

NOTES.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*.

VER. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*.

Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Caesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of Haut-gout and the tip of taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at-home to eat:
 So Philomédé, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
 Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] in the MS.
 In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Caesar's soul.

NOTES.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*.

Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please; 95
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought:
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No afs so meek, no afs so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share, 105
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears, 110
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad,

Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratify'd except her rage.
 So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse; 135
 But an inferior not dependant? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in the MS.

This death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.
 Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

To heirs unknown descends th'unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor. 150

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack? 155
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought; 161
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd; 165
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170
Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a debt

She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Cloe is prudent—would you too be wise:
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen:
 THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball,
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 185
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists; who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals: 190
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
 Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
 I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
 Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As * and H * * y preach) for queens and kings,
 The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

NOTES.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone: 200
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.
 In men, we various ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210
 That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Edition,
 In sev'ral men we sev'ral passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind.

NOTES.

VER. 199. *But grant, in public, &c.*] In the former editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connection might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the maxims laid down; and tho' some of these have since been found, viz. the characters of Philomedé, Atossa, Cloe, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

VER. 207. The former part having shewn, that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling *Passion*, is more uniform.

VER. 211. This is occasioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in some degree by *Necessity*.

Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake: 216

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means: 220

In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat, 225

As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend, 235
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night; 240

NOTES.

VER, 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this sex.
—I. As to *Power*.

VER, 231. —II. *Pleasure*.

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards!

A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A sop for their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine! 250
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; 260
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let sops or fortune fly which way they will; 265
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270

NOTES.

VER. 249. Advice for their true Interest.

Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280
Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phoebus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care, 285
Averted half your parent's simple pray'r;
And gave your beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
Kept dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ¶ 1, &c. The point discuss'd, whether the invention of money has been more commodious, or pernicious to Mankind, ¶ 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ¶ 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ¶ 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ¶ 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ¶ 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ¶ 179. How a prodigal does the same, ¶ 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ¶ 219. The Man of Ross, ¶ 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ¶ 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ¶ 339 to the end.





Proceed great Days!

Dumciad.

EPISTLE III.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
 But when by man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the sun,
 Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
 To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
 We find our tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil. 20

NOTES.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney Esq. Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dukes of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt,

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

NOTES.

to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several *acra's* of his life, at his standing in the pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

NOTES.

into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could not do*.
Oh indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
To give to after-ages

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to luxury, extends to lust:

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires:

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend. 30

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35

From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,

NOTES.

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,

Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH

in the Sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL

MORTALS.

This Gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly.

VER. — 35. *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closetted by the King, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

And gingham down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
 Malignant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
 Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy! 50

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50 in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

NOTES.

VER. 42.—*fetch or carry kings;*] In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 44. *Or ship off senates to some distant shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

VER. 45. *A leaf like Sibyl's,*—Virg. Aen. vi.

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights and squires con-
 found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
 "Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil; 56
 "Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
 "A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could profusion squander all in kind. 69
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? 66

NOTES.

VER. 63. Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

VER. 65. *Colepepper*,] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us let us then enquire:
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
 cloaths, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live:
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Ed.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

NOTES.

VER. 32. *Turner*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the charitable corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs; 85
 To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, Nose and ears?
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

NOTES.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first Epistle.

VER. 85. *Hopkins,*] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

VER. 86. *Japhet, nose and ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part.
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop with a meeker air, 105
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

NOTES.

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a college, or a cat.*] A famous Duchess of R. in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the poor, &c.*] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the committee, appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, *Damn the poor*. That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monst'rous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

NOTES.

VER. 113. *To live on ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

VER. 120. —*general excise*.] Many people about the year 1733. had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

VER. 123. *Wise Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit,

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizzard told him in these words our fate:

NOTES.

of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he de-

" At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135
 " (So long by watchful ministers withstood)
 " Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
 " Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
 " Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
 " Peerefs and butler share alike the box, 140
 " And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 " And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 " See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd of ANNE'S and EDWARD'S
 " arms!"

'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain: 146
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150
 " All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
 " The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
 " The ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
 Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no aim;
 For tho' such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

NOTES.

claimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Passion
" fends,

" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends, 160

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use.

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drouth and rain,

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor;

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;

The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and fallads blest'd his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With soups unbought,]*

—dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

VIRG.

To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noontide bell invites the country round: 190
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200
 Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—Y, teach the golden mean.

The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet: 210
 Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with oeconomy, magnificence;
 With splendor, charity; with plenty health; 225
 Oh teach us BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find;
 Still miss'd by vice, and scarce by virtue hit,
 By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.

In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon? 240
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene, 245
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a-while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

NOTES.

VER. 243. *Oxford's better part,*] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.

VER. 250. *The Man of Ross* :] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscrip-

EP. III. MORAL ESSAYS. 125

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance; enter but his door, 271
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

NOTES.

tion) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

P. Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year. 280
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name: 286
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296

VARIATIONS.

VER. 287. thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

NOTES.

VER. 287. *Go search it there,*] The parish-register.

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.
 In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king. 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."

NOTES.

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies—*] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000 l. a year, and passed thro' many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
 Or are they both, in this their own reward? 336
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
 P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. in the former Editions,
 That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale?—A tale.—It follows thus.

NOTES.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument built
 in the memory of the fire of London, with an inscription im-
 porting that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
 Constant at church, and change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old, 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
 Rouz'd by the Prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
 "Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360
 Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a gem away:

NOTES.

VER. 355. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
" I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
'Till all the daemon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life) 381
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of quality admires our Knight; 385
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My lady falls to play; so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
 The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
 The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown: 400
 The devil and the King divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.*
 —atque unum civem donare Sibyllae. JUV.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE,
EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, *ψ* 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, *ψ* 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, *ψ* 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony

of the whole, ¶ 97. and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ¶ 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ¶ 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ¶ 169 [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ¶ 159, &c.] What are the proper Objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of Great Men, ¶ 177, &c. and finally the great and public works which become a Prince, ¶ 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
 Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
 He buys for Topham, drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste? 15
 Some daemon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Topham*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

VER. 10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without



*What brought S.^r Visto's ill-got wealth to waste.
Some Daemon whisper'd, Visto! have a Taste.*

Epist. on Taste.



See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide: 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
 Fill half the land with imitating-fools;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
 Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
 To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
 Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

NOTES.

any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the board of works.

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

VER. 36.] A door or window, so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others.

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the Genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

NOTES.

VER. 46. Inigo Jones the celebrated Architect, and
Mr. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens of France,

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
 Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
 Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a lake:
 Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil compleat;
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,

NOTES.

VER. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.*] This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

VER. 78. —*set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clark's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duly frequented the court.

With silver-quiv'ring rills macander'd o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or sate delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of yews;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"

NOTES.

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

VER. 96.—*mournful family of yews*;] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of ever-greens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

VER. 99. *At Timon's villa*] This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air, 101
Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town, 105

His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,

A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littlenefs around!

The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground, 110

Two Cupids squitt before: a lake behind

Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call,

On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115

No artful wildness to perplex the scene;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.

The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,

Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120

With here a fountain, never to be play'd;

And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;

NOTES.

V. 114. The ends and bounds being seen at once, which however large, will diminish both of the grandeur and the surprize.

V. 117. Too exact resemblance of part to part, and repetition of the same objects.

V. 119. Figures unnatural, stiff and formal, or such as cannot be made perfect.

V. 121, &c. Ornaments of building or sculpture, either too much multiplied, or ill placed, or where Nature does not

Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat; 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
 Just at his study-door he'll blefs your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
 In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
 These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound.
 Lo some are vellom, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.

N O T E S.

favour 'em. [All these examples are taken from some known gardens.]

VER. 124. The two statues, of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens*.

VER. 130. The *approaches* and *communications* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

VER. 133. *His study! &c.*] The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune, than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood: others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

EP. IV. MORAL ESSAYS. 141

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare, 145
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite. 150

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrap the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

NOTES.

VER. 142. The false taste in *Music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, &c.

VER. 145.—And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

VER. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre.*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

VER. 150. *Who never mentions hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not "decent to name in so polite an assembly."

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (tho' sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth

Is this a dinner? this a genial room? 155
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there. 160
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
 The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

NOTES.

ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grotto's or buffets.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

VER. 160. *Sancho's dread doctor*] See Don Quixot, chap. xlvii.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the poor, &c.*] The Moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ψ 240—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ψ 159, &c.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
 BOYLE.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease:
 Whose chearful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 Till Kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
 Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

NOTES.

VER. 195, 197, &c. *Till Kings—Bid harbors open, &c.*
 The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of
 magnificence and expence, in the private works of great men,
 comes to those great and public works which become a prince.

Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
 These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall)
 others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the high ways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: The proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.
 See the notes on that place.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

T O

MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they! 10

NOTES.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was sometime before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Cragge, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

VOL. III.

K

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust: 20
Huge moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her palm here sad Judaea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:

And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage; 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

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NOTES

BY

MR. W A R B U R T O N.

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

The Exordium of this poem relates to the whole work, of which the *Essay on Man* was only the first book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the subjects of this *Essay*, viz. the general Order and Design of Providence; the Constitution of the human Mind; the origin, use, and end of the Passions and Affections, both selfish and social; and the wrong pursuits of Power, Pleasure, and Happiness. The 10th, 11th, 12th, &c. have relation to the subjects of the books intended to follow, viz. the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once transgressed, ignorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the age.

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.*] Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per Proprietates suas et Attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.*

VER. 131. *Ask for what end, &c.*] If there be any fault in these lines, it is not in the general sentiment, but a want of exactness in expressing it.—It is the highest absurdity to

think that *Earth* is man's foot-stool, his canopy the *Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his use; yet not so, to suppose fruits and minerals given for this end.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] "While comets
" move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions,
" blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and
" the same way in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and
" which will be apt to increase, 'till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.*

VER. 174. *And little less than Angels, &c.*] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Psalm viii. 9.*

VER. 202. *Stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,]*
This instance is poetical and even sublime, but misplaced. He is arguing philosophically in a case that required him to employ the *real* objects of sense only: and, what is worse, he speaks of this as a *real* object. — *If NATURE thunder'd, &c.* The case is different where (in *ψ* 253) he speaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the sublime imagery of *ruling Angels*: For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is *real motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *music of the spheres*, there was no real sound, which his argument was obliged to find.

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, &c.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uses an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his *Essay* had afforded him; and that is the expressing himself (as here) in *Platonic* notions; which, luckily for his purpose, are highly poetical, at the same time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reasoning.

VER. 266. *The great directing-Mind, &c.*] "Veneramur
" autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim sine dominio,
" providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam FATUM
" et NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.*

E P I S T L E II.

VER. 2. *The proper study, &c.*] The poet having shewn, in the first epistle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehension, rightly draws this conclusion: and methodically makes it the subject of his introduction to the second, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

VER. 37. *Who saw its fires here rise, &c.*] Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the course it describes, when it becomes visible in its descent to; and ascent from the Sun, conjectured, with the highest appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentric, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

VER. 45.—*Vanity, or dress,*] These are the first parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the scholar's *equipage of Pride*. By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expression in which a writer indulges himself, to shew the fruitfulness of his fancy or invention. By *dress*, is to be understood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expression, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a severe search after truth, condemns; and with great judgment, conciseness of thought and simplicity of expression, being as well the best *instruments*, as the best *vehicles* of Truth.

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;*] The *Luxury of Learning* consists in dressing up and disguising old notions in a new way, so as to make them more fashionable and

palatable; instead of examining and scrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and shew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to save pains and labour, it is called *idleness*.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonstrations concerning the *small quantity of matter*; the *endless divisibility* of it, &c.

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;*] That is, when *Admiration* sets the mind on the rack.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop tb' excrescent parts—* *Of all our vices have created Arts;*] i. e. Those parts of natural Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, &c. that administer to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, &c.

VER. 74. *Reason, the future and the consequence.*] i. e. By experience Reason collects the future; and by argumentation, the consequence.

VER. 133. *As Man perhaps, &c.*] “Antipater Sidonius” *Poeta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo consumptus est satis longa senectus.* Plin. l. vii. N. H. This *Antipater* was in the times of Crassus, and is celebrated for the quickness of his parts by Cicero.

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phrase for Conscience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conscience either signifies, speculatively, the judgment we pass of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or else it signifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conscience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions.

VER. 270.—*the poet in his Muse.*] The author having said, That no one would change his profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observation still further, and shew that Men were unwilling to exchange their

own acquirements even for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

What partly pleases, totally will shock :

I question much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*.

but wanting another proper instance of this truth when he published his last Edition of the *Essay*, he reserved the lines above for some following one.

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of sense by Pride:]* An eminent Casuist, *Father Francis Garasse*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable conclusion from this principle. "Selon la Justice (says this equitable Divine) tout travail honnête doit être recompensé de louange ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recompensez par les suffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonnable, qu'il attende des louanges publiques: car elles ne lui sont pas dues. Mais afin que ses travaux ne demeurent pas sans recompense, Dieu lui donne une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare; tout ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenouilles de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au desespoir."

E P I S T L E III.

WE are now come to the third epistle of the *Essay* on Man. It having been shewn, in explaining the origin, use, and end of the Passions, in the second epistle, that Man hath social as well as selfish passions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the second, which considered him as an INDIVIDUAL.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, &c.]* To make Matter so cohere as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a

proper *configuration* of its insensible parts, is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To express the first part of this thought, our Author says *form'd*; and to express the latter, *impell'd*.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipraesens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest." *Newt. Princ. schol. gen. sub fin.*

VER. 23. *Greatest with the least*;] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason; which made an old school-man say, with great elegance, "Deus est anima brutorum:"

In this 'tis God directs—

VER. 45. *See all things for my use!*] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself*, Prov. xvi. 4.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practised amongst Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on these without further hesitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beasts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* l. viii. c. 27. where several instances are given of Animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty*,] i. e. When Men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security.

VER. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light.

VER. 283. *'Twas then, &c.*] The poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece; and those benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were

Socrates and Aristotle; who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools contest;*] The author of these lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itself, better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a People happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of Government, when the form of it is preserved, and the administration corrupt, is most dangerous.

E P I S T L E IV.

THE two foregoing epistles having considered Man with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society) this last comes to consider him with regard to the *End*, that is, HAPPINESS.

VER. 6. *O'erlook'd, seen double,*] O'erlook'd by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *seen double* by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general mistakes that this epistle is employed in confuting.

VER. 21. *Some place the bliss in action,—Some sunk to beasts, &c.*] 1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, ἡδονή, such as the Cyrenaic sect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of Mind, which they call εὐθυμία, such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the measure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and those things which appear not to any Man *are not*; so that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whose absolute Doubt is with great judgment said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute Trust of the Protagorean:

For the same dread of labour attending the search of truth, which makes the Protagorean presume it to be always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the laziness of the one is desponding, and the laziness of the other sanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happiness.

VER. 23. *Some sunk to Beasts, &c.*] These four lines added in the last Edition, as necessary to complete the summary of the false pursuits after happiness amongst the Greek philosophers.

VER. 100. *See god-like Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is applied not being distinguished, from other generals, for any of his superior qualities so much as for his providential care of those whom he led to war; which was so uncommon, that his chief purpose in taking on himself the command of armies, seems to have been the Preservation of Mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more distinguishably employed throughout the whole course of that famous campaign in which he lost his life.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, &c.*] This last instance of the poet's illustration of the ways of Providence, the reader sees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made subservient of, his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Aetna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Aetna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, &c.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epist. i. v. 99. and shewing, that that example was not given to discredit any rational hopes

of future happiness, but only to reprove the folly of separating them from charity: as when

—Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.

VER. 193. *Honour and shame from no Condition rise; All well your part, there all the honour lies.*] What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wisdom; so neither can her displeasure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb indeed she hath some little influence; but his Heart still remains the same:

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit; the pride of heart is the same both in the *flaunter* and *flutterer*, as it is the poet's intention to insinuate by the use of those terms.

VER. 281. 283. *If parts allure thee, — Or raviſh'd with the whiffling of a Name,*] These two instances are chosen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other such. Bacon discovered and laid down those principles, by whose assistance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no less eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightness of his conceptions, and the force of his expression: Yet being legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the administration of Justice, while he presided in the Supreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the most profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very first entrance into it, he had accustomed himself to practise with a prostitution that disgraceth the very profession of letters.

Cromwell seemeth to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others succeeded in this attempt, were such as saw the spirit of Liberty suppressed and stifled, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell sub-

duced his country, when this spirit was at its height, by a successful struggle against court-oppression; and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest Geniuses for government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause.

VER. 283. *Or ravis'd with the whistling of a Name,]* And even this fantastic glory sometimes suffers a terrible reverse.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to I-columbkill*, describing the church there, tells us, that “In one corner is a peculiar inclosure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Isle of Man*. THIS (said the person who shewed me the place, pointing to a plain stone) was the monument of the Great TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is Greatness, that has barely left a name scandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind would never envy.”

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.]* PLATO, in his first book of a Republic, hath a remarkable passage to this purpose. “He whose conscience does not reproach him, has chearful Hope, for his companion, and the support and comfort of his old age, according to Pin-dar. For this great poet, O Socrates, very elegantly says, That he who leads a just and holy life has always amiable Hope for his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the support and comfort of his old age. Hope, the most powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-changing and inconstant temper of mortal men.” τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἐαυτῷ ἄδικον ζυνοῦσθαι ἡδέα ἐλπίς αἰὲν παρέσι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροφρόνος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σάκρατες, τὴν ἐκείνος ἔπεν, ὅτι ὅς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖα αὖ καρδίαν ἀτάλλυστα γηροφρόνος συναγορεῖ ἐλπίς, ἣ μάλιστα θνητῶν πολύτροπον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the same manner Euripides speaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίζει

Πέποιθεν αἰεὶ. τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακῷ.

ψ 105.

"He is the good man in whose breast Hope springs eternally:
"but to be without Hope in the world is the portion of the
"wicked."

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! &c.*] This noble Apostrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Essay in an address to his friend, will furnish a Critic with examples of every one of those five Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME.

1. The first and chief is a *Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception*.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
O Master of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muse now stoops, and now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Enthusiasm*, which, at the same Time, melts and inflames:

Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise,
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonance of Figures;

O! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale!

² ——— πέντε σηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηλορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν ἔκράτισον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν ἔκ ενθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθυς αἰτία, ἣ συγκλίνουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἀπανηα, ἢ ἐν ἀξιώματι ἔκ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

4. A Splendid Diction :

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fifthly*, which includes in itself all the rest, a Weight and Dignity in the Composition :

Shew'd erring Pride whatever is, is RIGHT ;
That REASON, PASSION, answer *one great AIM* ;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME ;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below ;
And all our Knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Universal Prayer.] It may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding *Essay*, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism*, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety : That the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it ; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination ; but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his Paraphrase.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I.

VER. 26. *It may be Reason, but it is not Man :*] i. e. The

Philosopher may invent a *rational hypothesis* that shall account for the appearances he would investigate ; and yet that *hypothesis* be all the while very wide of *truth* and the *nature of things*.

VER. 33. *All Manners take a tincture from our own;— Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.*] These two lines are remarkable for the exactness and propriety of expression. The word *tincture*, which implies a weak colour given by degrees, well describes the influence of the *Manners*; and the word *discolour*, which implies a quicker change and by a deeper dye, denotes as well the operation of the *Passions*.

VER. 81. *Patritio*] Lord G.—*n.*

VER. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion.

VER. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,—And just her wisest monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

VER. 95. *Know, God and Nature, &c.*] By *Nature* is not here meant any imaginary substitute of God, called a *Plastic nature*; but his *moral laws*: And this observation was inserted with great propriety and discretion, in the conclusion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumstance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to insinuate, that morality is founded more in custom and fashion than in the nature of things. The speaking therefore of a moral law of God as having all the constancy and durability of his Essence, had an high expediency in this place.

VER. 107. *The same adust complexion has impell'd— Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The atrabilaire complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not so well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whose health, the

historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to observe here was, that this humour made both these princes act contrary to their Character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a man of the closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

VER. 117. *Who reasons wisely, &c.*] By *reasoning* is not here meant *speculating*; but deliberating and resolving in public counsels; for this instance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

VER. 130. *Caesar himself might whisper he was beat.*] Caesar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friend asked him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat from Britain, after so many pretended victories, we have cause to suspect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whisper'd he was beat*.

VER. 131. *Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharsalia, Caesar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relicks of the Pharsalian quarrel, (after narrowly escaping the violence of an enraged populace) brought upon himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.

VER. 141. *Court-virtues bear, like Gems, &c.*] This whole reflection, and the similitude brought to support it, have a great delicacy of ridicule.

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.*] Disasters the most unlooked for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *Speculations* and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a God was supposed to strike the irreverend observer speechless. He has only a little extended the

conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a *Court-God* might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper.

VER. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes, Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The poet had hitherto reckoned up the several *simple* causes that hinder our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In these two fine lines he describes the *complicated* causes. *Humours* bear the same relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Tenets*; that is, the former are *modes* of the latter; our *Manners* (says the Poet) are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or *Stations*; our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or *Professions*; and then each drawn still more oblique, into *humour* and *political principles*, by the temperature of the *climate*, and the constitution of the *government*.

VER. 174. *Search then the ruling Passion:*] See Essay on Man, Ep. ii. § 133. et seq.

VER. 181. *The Lust of Praise:*] This very well expresses the *grossness* of his appetite for it; where the *strength* of the *Passion* had destroyed all the *delicacy* of the Sensation.

VER. 189. *With the same spirit*] *Spirit*, for principle, not passion.

VER. 200. *A Fool, with more of Wit*] *Folly*, join'd with much *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Absurdity*; and this absurdity the poet has here admirably described in the words,

Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd.
by which we are made to understand, that the person described gave a loose to his *Fancy* when he should have used his *Judgment*; and pursued his *Speculations* when he should have trusted to his *Experience*.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear, &c.*] To understand this, we must observe, that the *Lust of general praise* made the person, whose Character is here so admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious*; his *Madness* was to please the *Fools*, *Women* and *Fools* must like him, or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the censure of the *Knaves*;

'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* should call him Fool.

Prudence and *Honesty* being the two qualities that *Fools* and *Knaves* are most interested, and consequently most industrious, to misrepresent.

VER. 209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.*] This illustration has an exquisite beauty, arising from the exactness of the analogy: For, as the appearance of irregularity, in a Comet's motion, is occasioned by the greatness of the force which pulhes it round a very eccentric orb; so it is the violence of the Ruling passion, that, impatient for its object, in the impetuosity of its course towards it, is frequently hurried to an immense distance from it, which occasions all that puzzling inconsistency of conduct we observe in it.

VER. 213.—*A noble Dame a whore;*] The sister of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

VER. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Ambition* are such bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold so much in common, that we generally find them going together, and therefore, as generally mistake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding Characters; for they are, in reality, very different and distinct, so much so, that 'tis remarkable, the three greatest Men in Rome, and contemporaries, possessed each of these separately, without the least mixture of the other two: The Men I mean were Caesar, Cato, and Cicero: For Caesar had *Ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *Pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *Vanity* without pride or ambition.

VER. 227. *Here honest Nature ends as she begins.*] Human nature is here humourously called *honest*, as the impulse of the ruling passion (which she gives and cherishes) makes her more and more impatient of disguise.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

E P I S T L E II.

Of the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this Epistle: Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short Advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said, that *no one character in it was drawn from the life*. The Public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a Satire in which there was nothing personal.

VER. I. *Nothing so true, &c.*] The reader perhaps may be disappointed to find that this *Epistle*, which proposes the same subject with the preceding, is conducted on very different rules of method; for, instead of being disposed in the same logical connection, and filled with the like philosophical remarks, it is wholly taken up in drawing a great variety of capital Characters: But if he would reflect, that the *two Sexes* make but *one Species*, and consequently, that the Characters of both must be studied and explained on the same principles, he would see that when the poet had done this in the preceding Epistle, his business here was, not to repeat what he had already delivered, but only to verify and illustrate his doctrine, by every *view* of that perplexity of Nature, which *his* philosophy only can explain. If the reader therefore will but be at the pains to study these Characters with any degree of attention, as they are here masterly drawn, one important particular (for which the poet has artfully prepared him by the introduction) will very forcibly strike his observation; and that is, that all the great strokes in the several Characters of *Women* are not only infinitely perplexed and discordant, like those in *Mén*, but absolutely inconsistent, and in a much higher degree *contradictory*. As strange as this may appear, yet he will see that the poet has all the while strictly followed Nature, whose ways, we find by the former Epistle, are not a little mysterious; and a mystery

this might have remained, had not our author explained it at *ψ* 207. where he shuts up his *Characters* with this philosophical reflection:

In men, we *various ruling Passions* find;
In Women, *two* almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.

If this account be true, we see the perpetual necessity (which is not the case in *Men*) that *Women* lye under of *disguising* their *ruling passion*. Now the variety of arts employed to this purpose must needs draw them into infinite contradictions in those *Actions* from whence their general and obvious Character is denominated: To verify this observation, let the reader examine all the Characters here drawn, and try whether with this key he cannot discover that all their Contradictions arise from a desire to hide the *ruling Passion*.

But this is not the worst. The poet afterwards (from *ψ* 218 to 249) takes notice of another mischief arising from this necessity of hiding their ruling Passions; which is, that generally the end of each is defeated even there where they are most violently pursued: For the necessity of hiding them inducing an habitual dissipation of mind, Reason, whose office it is to regulate the *ruling Passion*, loses all its force and direction; and these unhappy victims to their principles, tho' with their attention still *fixed* upon them, are ever prosecuting the means destructive of their end, and thus become ridiculous in youth, and miserable in old age.

Let me not omit to observe the great beauty of the conclusion: It is an encomium on an imaginary Lady to whom the Epistle is addressed, and artfully turns upon the fact which makes the subject of the Epistle, the *contradiction of a Woman's Character*, in which contradiction he shews that all the lustre even of the best Character consists:

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a *Contradiction* still, &c.

VER. 5. *How many pictures*] The poet's purpose here is

to shew, that the Characters of Women are generally inconsistent with themselves; and this he illustrates by so happy a *Similitude*, that we see the folly, described in it, arises from that very principle which gives birth to this inconsistency of Character.

VER. 20. *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.]* Alluding to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

formae veneres captando fugaces.

VER. 52. *As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.]* Her charms consisted in the singular turn of her vivacity; consequently the stronger she exerted this vivacity, the more forcible must be her attraction. But the point, where it came to excess, would destroy all the delicacy, and expose all the coarseness of sensuality.

VER. 57. —*in a Christian trim,]* This is finely expressed, implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the season. It was not even in a *Christian humour*, it was only in a *Christian trim*.

VER. 89. *Nor asks of God, but of her Stars.—Death, that Opiate of the soul!]* See Note on *ψ* 90 of Ep. to Lord Cobham.

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace) —Cries, " Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"]* i. e. Her who affects to laugh out of *fashion*, and strives to disbelieve out of *fear*.

VER. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, &c.]* Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philosophy, which he never loses sight of, and which teaches, that Providence is incessantly turning the evils arising from the follies and vices of men to general good.

VER. 156. *Chameleons who can paint in white and black?]* There is one thing that does a very distinguished honour to the accuracy of our poet's judgment, of which, in the course of these observations, I have given many instances, and shall here explain in what it consists; it is this, that the *Similitudes* in his didactic poems, of which he is not sparing, and

which are all highly poetical, are always chosen with such exquisite discernment of Nature, as not only to illustrate the particular point he is upon, but to establish the general principles he would enforce; so, in the instance before us, he compares the inconstancy and contradiction in the Characters of Women, to the change of colours in the Chameleon; yet 'tis nevertheless the great principle of this poem to shew that the general Characteristic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Passions, which they all have, is more uniform than that in Man: Now for this purpose, all Nature could not have supplied such another illustration as this of the Chameleon; for tho' it instantaneously assumes much of the colour of every subject on which it chances to be placed, yet, as the most accurate *Virtuosi* have observed, it has *two* native colours of its own, which (like the *two* ruling passions in the Sex) amidst all these changes are never totally discharged, but, tho' often discoloured by the neighbourhood of adventitious ones, still make the foundation, and give a tincture to all those which, from thence, it occasionally assumes.

VER. 157. "*Yet Chloë sure, &c.*" The purpose of the poet in this Character is important: It is to shew that the politic or prudent government of the passions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to secure it from being ridiculous, if the end of that government be not pursued, which is the free exercise of the social appetites after the selfish ones have been subdued; for that if, tho' reason govern, the heart be never consulted, we interest ourselves as little in the fortune of such a Character, as in any of the foregoing, which passions or caprice drive up and down at random.

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait—the same for ever—!* This is intirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no such thing as a perfect Character; so that the satire falls not on any particular Character, or Station, but on the Character-maker only. See Note on *Y* 78. 1 Dialogue 1738.

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some men (says the Poet) take to business, some to pleasure, but every woman would willingly make *pleasure her business*:" which being the peculiar Characteristic of a *Rake*, we must needs think that he includes (in his use of the word here) no more of the *Rake's* ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleasure his business*.

VER. 253. *So when the Sun's broad beam, &c.*] One of the great beauties observable in the poet's management of his *Similitudes*, is the ceremonious preparation he makes for them, in gradually raising the imagery of the similitude in the lines preceding, by the use of metaphors taken from the subject of it:

— while what fatigues the ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.

And the civil dismissal he gives them by the continuance of the same metaphor, in the lines following, whereby the traces of the imagery gradually decay, and give place to others, and the reader is never offended with the sudden or abrupt disappearance of it.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose *unclouded ray*, &c.

Another instance of the same kind we have in this epistle, in the following lines,

Chuse a firm *cloud* before it fall, and in it

Catch, ere she *change*, the *Cynthia* of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,

Attracts each light gay *Meteor* of a *Spark*, &c.

VER. 285, &c. *Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care, Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r; And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf*] The poet concludes his Epistle with a fine *Moral*, that deserves the serious attention of the public: It is this, that all the extravagances of these *vicious* Characters here described, are much inflam'd by a wrong Education, hinted at in *ψ* 203; and that even the *best* are rather secured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents; which observation is conveyed under

the sublime classical machinery of Phoebus in the ascendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents mistaken fondness: For Phoebus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius; and, as one of the astronomical influences, defeats the adventitious byas of education.

In conclusion, the great Moral from both these Epistles together is, that the two rarest things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

E P I S T L E III.

EPISTLE III.] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

VER. 3. *Momus giv'n.*] Amongst the earliest abuses of reason, one of the first was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in those times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, MOMUS came to be at the head of the old *Free-thinkers*. Him, the Mythologists very ingeniously made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and so, consequently, half-brother to *Dulness*. But having been much employed, in after ages, by the *Greek* Satirists, he came, at last, to pass for a *Wit*; and under this idea, he is to be considered in the place before us.

VER. 34. *If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.*] The

expression is fine, and gives us the image of a place invested, where the approaches are made by communications which support each other; as the connections amongst knaves, after they have been taken in by a state engineer, serve to screen and encourage one another's private corruptions.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,*] The imagery is very sublime, and alludes to the course of a destroying pestilence. The Psalmist, in his expression of *the Pestilence that walketh in darkness*, supplied him with the grandeur of his idea.

VER. 102. *That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:]* None are more subject to be deluded by this vain mistake, *that prudence does all in human affairs*, than those who have been most befriended by Fortune. The reason is, that, in this situation *Prudence* has never been brought to the test, nor *Vanity* ever mortified. So that *Prudence* will be always ready to take to herself what fortune encourages *Vanity* to call her due. And then want of success will of course be imputed to want of wit.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

" Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,

" More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.

which, as they seemed to be necessary to do justice to the general Character going to be described, I advised him to insert in their place.

N O T E S.

VER. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! &c.]* In this sublime apostrophe, they are not bid to *blush* because *outstript* in virtue, for no such contention is supposed: but for being *outshined* in their own proper pretensions to Splendor and Magnificence.

VER. 293. *Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands, Belies his features, nay extends his hands;]* The description is inimitable. We see him *should'ring the altar* like one who im-

piously affected to draw off the reverence of God's worshippers, from the sacred table, upon himself; whose *Features* too the sculptor *had belied* by giving them the traces of humanity: And, what was still a more impudent flattery, had insinuated, by *extending his hands*, as if that humanity had been, some time or other, put into act.

VER. 312. *No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.*] That is, he liked disguised flattery better than the more direct and avowed. And no wonder a man of wit should have this taste. For the taking pleasure in fools, for the sake of *laughing at them*, is nothing else but the complaisance of *flattering ourselves*, by an advantageous comparison, which the mind makes between itself and the object laughed at. Hence too we may see the Reason of mens preferring *this* to other kinds of flattery. For we are always inclined to think that work best done which we do ourselves.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize.*] This is to be understood in a very sober and decent sense; as a Satire only on such Ministers of State which History informs us have been found, who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the sake of confiscations. So sure always, and just is our author's satire, even in those places where he seems most to have indulged himself only in an elegant badinage. But this Satire on the *abuse* of the general Laws of forfeiture for high treason, which all well-policed communities have found expedient to provide themselves withal, is by no means to be understood as a reflection on the Laws themselves, whose necessity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Discourse intitled, *Some Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture for high Treason*. Third Edition, London 1748.

VER. ult.—*curses God and dies.*] i. e. Fell under the temptation; alluding to the story of Job referred to above.

E P I S T L E IV.

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expende* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the *Characters of Women* is to that of the *Knowledge and Characters of Men*. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analysed in a much narrower compass.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;*] The author speaks here not as a Philosopher or Divine, but as a *Connoisseur* and Antiquary; consequently the *dirty* attribute here assigned these Gods of old renown, is not in disparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretensions.

VER. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together these two different Utensils of *false Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly speaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taste*, but the *Finery* only: And whoever wears it, whether the *Wife* or the *Whore*, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deserve it best, as appears from her having most of it; and so indeed becomes, by accident, the more fashionable Thing of the two.

VER. 57. *Consult the Genius of the Place, &c.* — to *designs*, § 64.] The personifying or rather *deifying* the *Genius of the place*, in order to be consulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the noblest and most sublime descriptions of *Design*, that poetry could express. Where this *Genius*, while presiding over the work, is represented by little and little, as advancing from a simple *adviser*, to a *creator* of all the beauties of improved Nature, in a *variety* of bold metaphors

and allusions, all rising one above another, 'till they complete the *unity* of the general idea.

First the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only simply gives directions: Then he *helps th' ambitious bill*, or is a fellow-labourer: Then again he *scoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterwards, rising fast in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progress, when accustomed to display all their state and magnificence: His character then grows sacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the priesthood; 'till at length, he becomes a Divinity, and creates and presides over the whole:

Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines,

Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Much in the same manner as the *plastid Nature* is supposed to do, in the work of human generation.

VER. 104.—*all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the satires of *Gulliver*.

VER. 117, 118: *Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother, And half the platform just reflects the other.*] This is exactly the *two puddings* of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only served up a little more magnificently: But both on the same absurd principle of wrong taste, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. Grove nods at grove, &c.] The exquisite humour of this expression arises solely from its significancy. These *groves* that have no meaning, but very near relation-ship, can express themselves only like twin-idcots by *nods*;

—nutant ad mutua Palmae

Foedera—

as the Poet says, which just serves to let us understand, that they know one another, as having been nursed, and brought up by one common parent.

VER. 142. *That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:*] This absurdity is very happily expressed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the first we should leave behind us when we

approach the sacred altar. But he who could take meanness for Magnificence, might easily mistake *Humility* for *Meanness*.

VER. 153. *The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,*] The circumstances of being *well-colour'd* shews this ornament not only to be very absurd, but very *odious* too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one instance of false Taste, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation*, he gives (in the epithet employed) the suggestion of another, which is an *injudicious manner of it*.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an instance of the art peculiar to our poet; by which he has so disposed a trite classical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of representing a very *plentiful harvest*, but also to assume the *Image of Nature*, re-establishing herself in her rights, and *mocking* the vain efforts of false magnificence, which would keep her out of them.

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence, And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense.*] Here the poet, to make the *examples of good Taste* the better understood, introduces them with a summary of his *Precepts* in these two sublime lines: for, the consulting *Use* is *beginning with Sense*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taste* borrow *all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Sense*, after she has led us up to *Taste*. The art of this can never be sufficiently admired. But the Expression is equal to the Thought. This *sanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of something consecrated and set apart for sacred uses; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly considered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true consecration; and the real uses of humanity were certainly *first* in its *intention*.

E P I S T L E V.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth

and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:]* The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumstance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with *Y* 13, 14 and he will see the Reason,

*Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.*

For the *Slaves* mentioned in the 6th line were of the same nation with the *Barbarians* in the 13th: and the *Christians* in the 13th, the Successors of the *Martyrs* in the 6th: Providence ordaining, that *these* should ruin what *those* were so injuriously employed in rearing: for the poet never loseth sight of his great principle.

VER. 49. *Nor blush, these Studies thy regard engage;]* A senseless affectation which some writers of eminence have betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents have raised them to a condition to do without those arts, for which only they gained our esteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This false shame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, exposed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one Defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an Idea of his first Profession, (that of a Writer) tho' 'twas to this he ow'd his Fame and Fortune. He spoke of his Works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than that of a Gentleman, who led a Life of plainness and simplicity. I answer'd, that, had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the English Nation*, xix.

F I N I S.



